



Lovely Strange Dark

YORU NO DOUWA "EVENING FAIRY-TALES" BY KONNO KITA CHAPTER I

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童話の夜

よるのどうわ

紺野キタ

Presented by Kito Kanna

YAKU MO DOJIMA

夜の童話

KANNO KITA

Designed by Kiko Kano.



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Is it possible
that the town I
grew up in still
exists here?

—As more
than just my
vague memories
of it.

THE ROAD HOME



My wife of
many years
went to Heaven
without me.



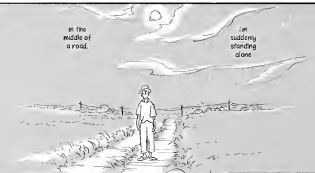
and I'm
already
retired.

As we
had no
children,



with my cat
Mary as my
companion.

I now pass
the time on
my own doing
whatever
I want,



Even as my
eyes start
to well with
nostalgia,

I know it
quite well.

Oh yes,
I know
that place.

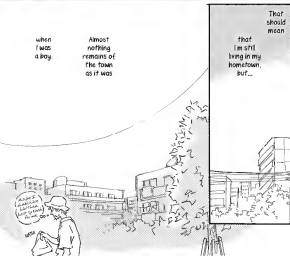
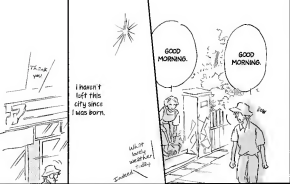
MM, THAT
DREAM AGAIN?

It's around
then that I
wake up.

OH,
MARY~

I'm filled with
happiness and
break out dancing.

My
hometown.





THESE ARE
THE PEACHES
YOU LIKE

TOKU



since I lost my
hometown.

To me,
it's been
a long
time.

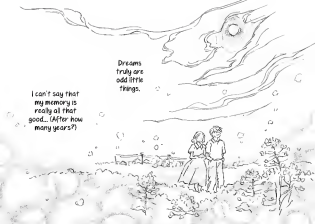
I think
I miss it.

But still,
those soothing
yet painful
dreams come to
me every night.

HARU







Dreams
truly are
odd little
things.

I can't say that
my memory is
really all that
good... (After how
many years?)

the landscape
from my youth-
ful days springs
back vibrantly.

But
within the
dream,

So why not try to
bring the world of my
dreams into reality?

vivid in
my mind.

That's
right, I'll
paint it.

That'll
do.

I know,
water-
color.

What
should I do
it in? Oil,
pastel...



The
very idea
excited
me.

It was
like I was
composing a
love letter.

I started
painting
as if in a
trance.

Frogs,
the sound
of insects, a
starry sky.

The
autumn
dusk,
bright
snow at
night...

a field of
rapeseed,
a road
of day-
flowers.

The
world
I loved so
much.

YES! COME ON
IN, IT'S OPEN.

ARE YOU
IN, HARU?

HARU?

SOUNDS
GOOD. TAKE
A SEAT FOR
NOW.
I'LL
MAKE
SOME
TEA.

WE HAVEN'T
SEEN YOU
AROUND AT
ALL LATELY,
SO I
CAME
BY.

GOOD TO SEE
YOU LOOKING
WELL.

WANT TO
HAVE A GAME?
IT'S BEEN A
WHILE.

HAHAHA,
I'M A
AMATEUR.
AN ART
SHOW,
REALLY?

HEY, HOW
ABOUT YOU
DO AN ART
SHOW?

I KNOW
THIS PLACE
...MY NOW,
WHATE A
SIGHT.

...HOW
I WASN'T
EXPECTING
THIS...!

NO, NO, THINK
LOW-KEY. WHAT
IF YOU USE THE
GALLERY AT THE
COMMUNITY
CENTER?

WHATE A SIGHT...
THIS PICTURE IS
GREAT, HARU.

Yeah, that's it.
It's an ideal place to
show your art. It's
close to the center &
referred to as the
"Art Gallery".

WIFE

I'M FROM
PUBLISHER 3.

OH?

But the
show had an
unforeseen
ripple effect.

I opened
my first,
modest
exhibition.

—And
just like
that (and
somewhat
over my
protests),

as I stood
in a state
of shock.

and we
were sud-
denly talking
about an
art book
release

In the
book, it's
not
my
play!

My days
grew busy.

and as the
pressure
mounted

I got
completely
overwhelmed.

Flap

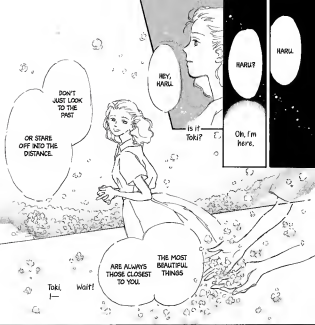
Flap, I heard
you're putting
out a book!

took on
about-
face

My carefree
life as a
retired
widower

The
interview
with the local
newspaper
etc.

The
meeting
with the
publisher.



When
I returned
from the
dream,



the moonlight
had become a
set of stairs



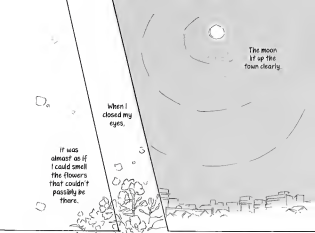
The most
beautiful things
are always those
closest to you.



...TOKI?

that led
up to the
skylight.





The moon
lit up the
town clearly.

When I
closed my
eyes,

It was
almost as if
I could smell
the flowers
that couldn't
possibly be
there.



been
there.

it has
always

How is it
that I hadn't
noticed?

inside of me,
ever wild.

It's always
lived there.

And so



and sent it
out into the
world.

I titled my
art book
"The Road Home"



I began to receive letters
by way of my publisher.

Soon
enough,

of all
ages, and
across many
countries,

The
letters
were
from all
sorts of
readers.

OH NO, THE
LETTER!



YOU'RE
THE ARTIST
TAKAKAWA,
RIGHT?

YEAH.

Artist?

HUH?

BUT DESPITE THAT,
FOR SOME REASON
WHEN I LOOK AT
YOUR DRAWINGS,

MY PARENTS AND
I ALL GREW UP IN A
BIG CITY, SO WE DON'T
REALLY HAVE A HOME-
TOWN LIKE YOURS.

IT'S LIKE I CAN
FEEL THIS NOSTALGIC
WIND FLUTTERING
INSIDE OF ME.

I BOUGHT
YOUR BOOK.

I'M A
HUGE FAN
OF YOURS.

REALLY?
THANKS.



—NO,



BUT IF I AM,
IS THIS MY DREAM?
OR YOURS?



MAYBE I'M
ACTUALLY
DREAMING
RIGHT NOW?



THIS PLACE,
IT'S LIKE I'M
INSIDE ONE
OF YOUR
PAINTINGS



I HAVE
FAITH



IS YOUR
HOMETOWN.



THAT THIS ROAD
WILL LEAD YOU TO THE
PLACE YOU'RE LOOKING
FOR. A PLACE WAITING
JUST FOR YOU.



Now I always
come across
someone on
my walks.

the town's
population
grew quite
a bit.

And
just like
that,

or an old
friend.

Be it a
new face.

Is all this just
a fabrication
of my mind?

YO, HARU. YOU
WORKING ON A
NEW ART BOOK?

HEY, SHIGE.

just a
white lie of
a dream

Of all the billions
of creatures on
this planet,

of my
own little
life.

I suppose
that wouldn't
be so bad.

END